

DOCTOR·WHO

FRIED DEATH

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WEIRD. THAT *TRACE*
WE LOCKED ON TO HAS
GOTTA BE COMING FROM
ROUND ABOUT HERE!

leap
leap
leap

FORGET THE *FREAKY*
ALIEN ENERGY SOURCE.
DOCTOR, I DETECT
SOMETHING *ELSE*...

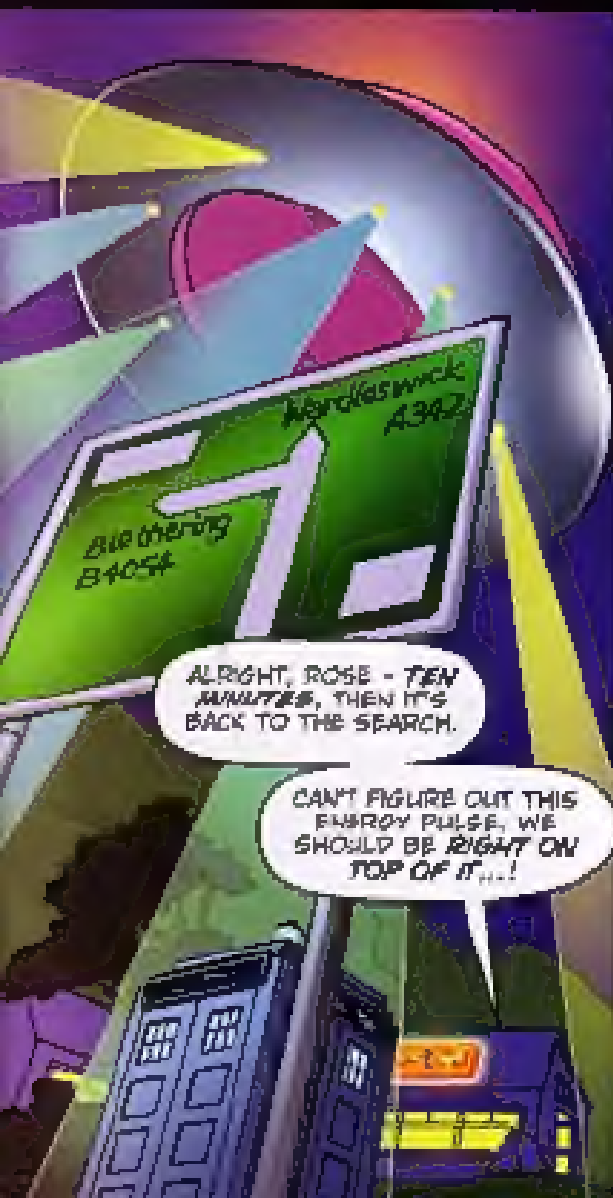
AWW, NOT
MORE CHIPS!

TELLYS

YES, MORE CHIPS!
THOSE SKINNY
LEGS OF YOURS
NEED FILLING UP!

YOU'RE BEGINNING
TO SOUND JUST
LIKE YOUR
MOTHER...

SAUSAGE +
CHIPS
BEEF + CHIPS
BURGER +
CHIPS
CHIT BUTTER
CHIPS + CHIPS
← *FREE*



ALRIGHT, ROSE - TEN
MINUTES, THEN IT'S
BACK TO THE SEARCH.

CAN'T FIGURE OUT THIS
ENERGY PULSE, WE
SHOULD BE RIGHT ON
TOP OF IT...



WAAH WAAH
YEE! OH YEE!

I'LL HAVE
WHAT HE'S
HAVING.

ONE FULL
FRIED DEATH,
SUFS...





SOON...

SEVENTEEN MORE FRIED DEATH BREAKFASTS!

WHA-? BUT I'M ALL OUT OF BACON!

OH-KAY, THE ALIEN INVASION OF THE AS&Z SERVICES. WHAT'RE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

DUNNO, ROSE - I'M THINKING. GASTRONOMISTS ARE LIKE LOGGERS. ONCE THEY GET ESTABLISHED, THEY COULD PICK THE PLANET CLEAN!

NO, REALLY?

REALLY...

MIND OUT - TELEPOD™ ARRIVING!

PWIP!

HEY!

IT'S THE LATEST THING IN TELEPORT TECHNOLOGY...

FLASH BIT.

MY NAME IS RAMMEZ! I WISH TO SPEAK TO THE CHEF!

'RAMMEZ', SHOULD I HAVE HEARD OF HIM?

HE'S A TV CHEF. OWNS THOUSANDS OF RESTAURANTS...

BIT OF A TEMPER, MIND. THEY SAY HE FILLETED A WASHER-LIPPER WHO LEFT A SLIGHTLY DIRTY PAN!

YOU ARE THE OWNER OF THIS ESTABLISHMENT? YOU DEvised THIS EXTRAORDINARY CHISINE?

IT'S TERRY. AND, WH - YEAH, S'POSE...

LOOK, DO YOU MIND? I'M HAVING A KITCHEN NIGHTMARE HERE!

TERRY, YOUR FOOD IS THE NEW TASTE SENSATION. I WANT YOU TO COME AND WORK FOR ME...

AS PROOF OF MY INTENTIONS, I OFFER YOU - THESE!

WHAT YOU GOT IN -?

FWALLOH, THEY HONK! GET 'EM OFF THE COUNTER, HEALTH & SAFETY'LL SHUT ME DOWN!



TROUBLE, TERRY?

AH, BUTTER BIRD GUANO. IT'S RAREER THAN GOLD, YOU KNOW. NOT EXACTLY HARD CURRENCY, BUT IT'LL MAKE YOU RICH...

NOT ROUND THESE PARTS, IT WON'T!



LOOK, MISTER RAMMAZI - I BUILT THIS PLACE UP FROM NOTHING. I'M HAPPY HERE. SO PUT YOUR BIRD POO AWAY...

AND CLEAR OFF, YOU AND THE REST OF YOU ALIEN FREAKS!

YOU DARE?
YOU DARE
TURN RAMMAZI
DOWN?!!?



CHOPBOTS™ - RESTRAIN HIM!

I'LL MAKE A GALAXY-WIDE CHAIN OUT OF THIS GUY, EVEN IF I HAVE TO EXTRACT HIS SECRETS FROM HIS LIVING BRAIN!

WHIZZ!

WHIRR!

BEK!



OH WOW, RAMMAZI'S GONNA PURGE THE CHEF'S MIND!

HE'S ALWAYS DOING THAT. I HEARD PUKKA OLIFFA OF OEEZA-7 HAD A LOWER IQ THAN HIS OWN VEGETABLE COURSE ONCE THE CHOPBOTS™ HAD FINISHED WITH HIM!

P-PLEASE, LET ME GO!



'SECRETS'? WHAT 'SECRETS'? WAKE UP, RAMMAZI -

GLUD!

THERE'S NOTHING SECRET ABOUT A GOOD FRY-UP. EVEN MY ALUM DOES IT BETTER!



YOUR... MOTHER...?

WHIRR?

THAT'S RIGHT! JACKIE TYLER! AND SHE DOESN'T BURN THE SAUSAGES, NEITHER...

ODDS.

WREE?



THIS GIRL KNOWS OF A SUPERIOR CHIEF ON THIS PLANET! CHOPBOTS™ - SLICE THE KNOWLEDGE FROM HER BRAIN...

AND THEN WE'LL GO AFTER HER MOTHER!

WHIRR!

VREE!

AAAH -!

EEEEEEEEOOOOOWWWWWW!

HELP! FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENS ON PAGE 32!

FRIED DEATH

continued from page 11



FILLET! SLICE! SLIVER!

CAREFUL, YOU'LL HAVE SOMEONE'S EYE OUT...

'ERE'S A GOOD ONE, ROSE! THESE TWO TOMATOES ARE HAVING A RACE, AND THE ONE IN THE LEAD SAYS TO THE OTHER -

KETCHUP! I HEARD IT BEFORE, IT'S NOT EVEN FUNNY.

SPLAT!

HA-HA!

SPLAT!



OUT THEM, YOU FOOLS! OUT THEM OR I'LL - NNGG!

WAA-A-NNGGG!

VISUAL SENSORS AFFECTED!

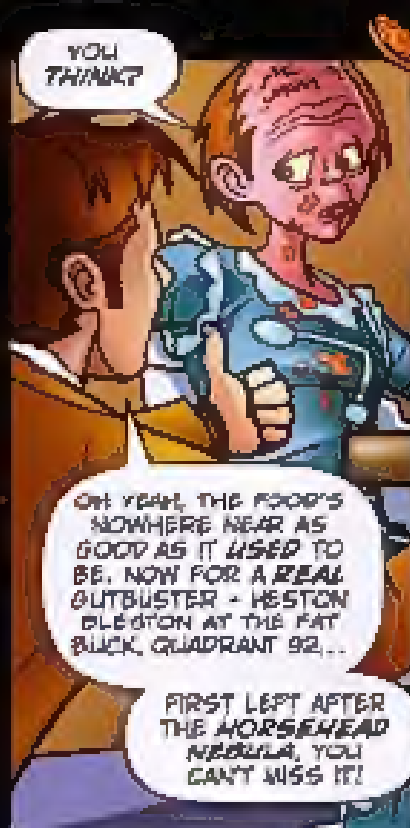
DUCK!

WHAT NOW?

TIME I PUT A STOP TO ALL THIS MADNESS. HEY, YOU!

AA-MEE?

PLANNING ABOUT YOU, BUT I'D SAY THIS PLACE HAS GONE RIGHT DOWNHILL RECENTLY...



YOU THINK?

OH YEAH, THE FOOD'S NOWHERE NEAR AS GOOD AS IT USED TO BE. NOW FOR A REAL OUTBUSTER - HESTON BLESTON AT THE FAT BUCK, QUADRANT 92...

FIRST LEFT AFTER THE HORSEHEAD NEBULA, YOU CAN'T MISS IT!



...NOT AS GOOD AS IT USED TO BE...

...SINCE THE HOI POLLOI GOT WIND OF IT...

...EGGS ARE SO NAIVE...

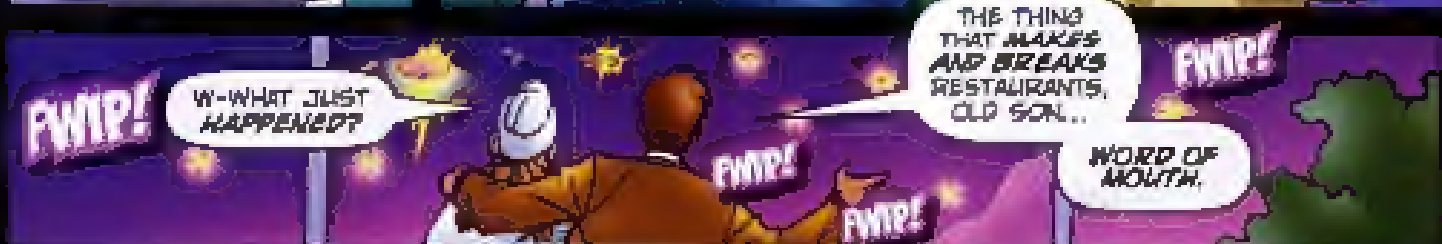
...DECOR IS 5000 LAST YEAR...

...OVERPRICED...

...SERVICE INDIFFERENT

STOMP!

CRUNK!



THE THING THAT MAKES AND BREAKS RESTAURANTS, OLD SON...

WORD OF MOUTH.

W-WHAT JUST HAPPENED?

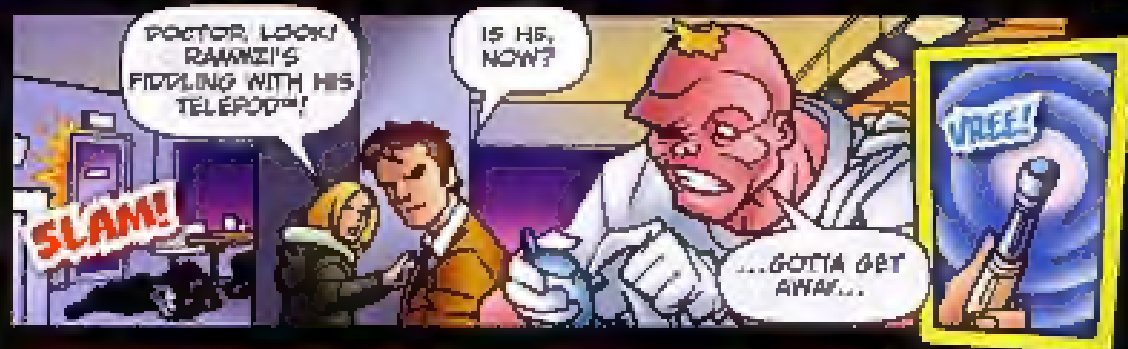


WHERE'RE YOU OFF TO? WE GOTTA GET READY FOR THE MORNING RUSH!

YOU CRAZY MAN! YOU THINK I WANT TO WORK IN A PLACE FULL OF MONSTERS?

I'M GONNA GET A NICE SAFE JOB INSTEAD...

...WHUH?



DOCTOR, LOOK! RANWZI'S FIDDLING WITH HIS TELEPOD!

IS HE, NOW?

...GOTTA GET AWAY...



LATER, BACK IN THE TARDIS

...BUT WHATEVER HE'S DONE, WE CAN'T JUST LEAVE RANWZI ON EARTH!

I'VE SENT A MESSAGE TO HIS PEOPLE, THEY'LL GET IT IN A COUPLE OF HUNDRED YEARS...

YEAH, BUT WHAT'S HE GONNA DO IN THE MEANTIME?



'WELL, SINCE TERRY LOST HIS WAITRESS, I FIGURED - THERE'S A JOB GONNA, RIGHT...?'

...AND WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED THE FLOOR, THE TOILETS NEED CLEANING.

BAH!

NEXT ISSUE: MORE DANGER AND ADVENTURES!